

# FREMONT JOURNAL:

I. W. BOOTH, Editor and Publisher.

The Journal is published every Saturday morning—Office in Backland's Brick Building—third story; Fremont, Sandusky county, Ohio.

## TERMS.

single copy, per year, in advance, \$1.50  
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 Town subscribers will be charged \$1.75. The dir-  
 ference in terms between the price on papers  
 delivered in town and those sent by mail, is ac-  
 counted for by the expense of carrying.

How to Stop a Paper.—First, see that you have  
 paid for it up to the time you wish it to stop; notifi-  
 the Post Master of your desire, and ask him to notify  
 the publisher, under his frank, (as he is authorized  
 to do) of your wish to discontinue.

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One square—13 lines—first insertion.....\$0.50  
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## Business Directory.

**FREMONT JOURNAL**  
**JOB PRINTING OFFICE:**  
 We are now prepared to execute to order, in a  
 neat and expeditious manner, and upon the fairest  
 terms, almost all descriptions of

## JOB PRINTING;

**SUCH AS**  
 BUSINESS CARDS,  
 CIRCULARS,  
 HANDBILLS,  
 CATALOGUES,  
 SHOW BILLS,  
 JUSTICES' BLANKS,  
 LAWYERS' BLANKS,  
 MANIFESTS.

We would say to those of our friends who are in  
 want of such work, you need not go abroad to get  
 it done, when it can be done just as well at home.

## I. O. F.

CONVULSION, No. 77, meets at the Odd Fel-  
 lows' Hall, in Backland's Brick Building, every  
 Saturday evening.

**PEASE & ROBERTS,**  
 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**Copper, Tin, and Sheet-Iron Ware,**  
 AND DEALERS IN  
 Stores, Wool, Hides, Sheep-pelts, Rags,  
 Old Copper, Old Stoves, &c., &c.

ALSO, ALL SORTS OF GENUINE YANKEE NOTIONS  
**Pease's Brick Block, No. 1.**  
 FREMONT, OHIO. 32

**STEPHEN BUCKLAND & CO.,**  
 DEALERS IN  
**Drugs, Medicines, Palats, Dye-Stuffs,**  
**Books, Stationery, &c.**  
 FREMONT, OHIO.

**GEORGE W. GLICK,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law:  
 FREMONT, OHIO.  
 Office—One floor east of A. B. Taylor's Store.  
 July 19, 1852.

**BUCKLAND & EVERETT,**  
 Attorneys and Counselors at Law,  
 And Solicitors in Chancery,  
 W. L. attend to Professional business and Land  
 Agency in Sandusky and adjoining counties.  
 Office 2d Story Backland's Block, Fremont.  
 R. P. BUCKLAND. [H. EVERETT.  
 January 1st, 1853.

**CHESTER EDGERTON,**  
 Attorney and Counselor at Law,  
 And Solicitor in Chancery, will carefully attend  
 to all professional business left in his charge. He  
 will also attend to the collection of claims due, in  
 his and adjoining counties.  
 Office—Second story Backland's Block.  
 FREMONT, OHIO. 1

**FREMONT HOUSE;**  
 AND GENERAL  
**STAGE OFFICE:**  
 FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, O  
**WM. KESSLER, Proprietor.**

**MR. KESSLER**, announces to the Traveling  
 Public that he has returned to the Traveling  
 known stand and is now prepared to accommodate  
 in the best manner, all who may favor him with  
 their patronage.  
 No fare will be exacted to promote the comfort  
 and convenience of Customers.  
 1st Good Stabling and 2nd OXEN in at-  
 tendance.  
 Fremont, November 24, 1849—36

**GREENE & MUGG,**  
 Attorneys at Law & Solicitors in Chancery,  
 Will give their undivided attention to profes-  
 sional business entrusted to their care in Sandusky  
 and adjoining counties.  
 Office—In the second story of Backland's Block.  
 FREMONT, OHIO.

**L. D. Parker Surgeon Dentist,**  
 RESPECTFULLY tenders professional services  
 to the citizens of Fremont and vicinity, all op-  
 erations relating to the preservation and beauty  
 of the natural teeth, or the insertion of artificial  
 teeth, on gold, silver or silver plate, done in the most  
 perfect manner. He is in possession of the latest im-  
 proved now in use, consequently he flatters himself  
 that he is prepared to render entire satisfaction to  
 those who may desire his aid in any branch of the  
 profession.  
 Lethen either administered, audited or extracted  
 without pain, if desired.  
 Office in Caldwell's Brick Building, over Dr.  
 Rice's office.  
 Fremont Jan. 24, 1851.

**PORTAGE COUNTY**  
**Mutual Fire Insurance Company.**  
**R. P. BUCKLAND, Agent.**  
 FREMONT, OHIO.

**DR. R. S. RICE.**  
 Continues the practice of Medicine in Fremont  
 and adjacent country.  
 Office, as formerly, on Frontstreet, oppo-  
 site Deal's new building.  
 Fremont, Nov. 23, 1850.—37

**Electric Physicians.**  
**DOCTORS** Wm. W. Karshner & Wm. H.  
 Keppeler.—Office: South East corner of Pike  
 and Front Streets, Fremont, Ohio, where one or  
 both of us will be found at all times to attend to  
 Professional calls.  
 Fremont, July 24th, 1852.—1y.

**HENRY HOLMES TREADWAY,**  
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
 Clyde, Sandusky county, O  
 October 16th, 1852.

**HEATON & WARD,**  
 Attorneys at Law:  
 FREMONT, OHIO.

**JNO. HEATON. J. A. WARD.**

**James M. Ashley!**  
 WHOLESALE dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils,  
 Drafts, Glass and Glassware, Lamps, Gro-  
 ceries, Pure Wine and Liquors for Medicines,  
 Perfumery and fancy articles &c., No. 1, Morris  
 Block, Toledo, Ohio.  
 All orders promptly attended to.  
 April 9, 1853. 1-y

# FREMONT JOURNAL.

No Sacrifice of Principles.

VOLUME I.

FREMONT, SANDUSKY COUNTY, APRIL 16, 1853.

NUMBER 12.

## Poetry.

From the Huron Reflector.  
**Spare my Heart from Growing Old.**  
 Old Time, I ask a boon of thee—  
 'Thou'st stripped my heart of many a friend.  
 Taken half my joys and all my gloom—  
 Be just for once to make amends;  
 And since thy hand must have its trace,  
 Turn looks to gray, turn blood to cold—  
 Do what thou wilt with form and face,  
 But spare my heart from growing old.

I know thou'lt taken from many a mind  
 Its dearest wealth, its choicest store,  
 And only leaving left behind  
 O'er wise experience, bitter lore.  
 'Tis sad to mark the mind's decay,  
 Feel wit grow dim and memory cold—  
 Take these, old Time, take all away,  
 But spare my heart from growing old.

Give me to live with friendship still,  
 And Hope and Love till life be o'er—  
 Let be the first, the first claim I make,  
 That bid the bosom bound no more.  
 That so, when I am passed away,  
 And in my grave lie slumbering cold,  
 With fond remembrance friends may say,  
 "His heart, his heart grew never old!"

## Miscellaneous.

**The Lost and the Living.**  
 BY FANNY FERN.  
 The husband's tears may be few and brief,  
 He may weep and win another;  
 But the daughter's sigh with unchanging grief  
 To the image of her mother!

But a fleeting twelvemonth had passed since  
 the heart (that for years had beat against his  
 own) was forever stilled, when Walter Lee  
 brought again a fair young creature to share  
 his widowed home. "Not father, nor mother,  
 brother nor sister, claimed any part of the or-  
 phan heart that he coveted and won. No  
 expense or pains had he spared to decorate  
 the mansion for her reception. Old familiar  
 objects, fraught with tenderest associations,  
 had been removed, to make way for the up-  
 holder's choicest fancies. There was no pic-  
 ture left upon the wall, with sweet, sad, mourn-  
 ful eyes, to follow him with silent reproach.  
 Everything was fresh and delightful as the  
 new born joy that filled his heart.

"My dear Edith," said he fondly pushing  
 back the hair from her forehead; "there should  
 be no shadow in your pathway, but I have  
 tried in vain to induce Nelly to give you the  
 welcome you deserve; however she shall not  
 annoy you. I shall compel her to stay in the  
 nursery till she yields to my wishes."

"Oh, no! don't do that," said the young  
 step-mother anxiously; "I think I understand  
 her. Let me go to her, dear Walter, and  
 she'll light up all of the room and left him  
 to himself.

Walter Lee looked after her retreating fig-  
 ure with a lover like fondness. The room  
 seemed to him grow suddenly darker,  
 when the door closed after her. Reaching  
 out his hand, he almost unconsciously took  
 up a book that lay near him. A slip of paper  
 fluttered out from between the leaves, like a  
 white-winged messenger. The joyous ex-  
 pression of his face faded into one of deep  
 sorrow, as he read it: "It ran thus:

"Oh to die, and be forgotten. This warm  
 heart cold—these active limbs still—these  
 lips dumb. Suns to rise and set, flowers to  
 bloom, the moon to silver leaf the trees 'round  
 my own dear home; the merry laugh, the  
 pleasant circle, and I not here. The weeds  
 choking the flowers at my headstone; the se-  
 vered tress of sunny hair forgotten in its en-  
 velope; the sun of happiness so soon absorb-  
 ing the dew-drop of sorrow! The cypress  
 changed for the orange wreath! Oh, no, no;  
 don't quite forget! close your eyes sometimes,  
 and bring before you the face that once made  
 sunshine in your home! feel again the twining  
 clasp of loving arms; the lips that told you  
 (not in words) how dear you were. Oh, Wal-  
 ter! don't quite forget! From Nelly's heart to  
 your eyes, let her mother's soul still speak to you."  
 "MARY LEE."

Warm tears fell upon the paper as Walter  
 read, and then gazed gendly up to the nur-  
 sery door. It was partially open. A little  
 fairy creature, of some five summers, stood in  
 the middle of the floor. Her little face was  
 half hidden in sunny curls. Her little pig-  
 taily was full of toys, which she grasped tig-  
 tly in either hand.

"No you are not my mamma," said the  
 child. "I want my own dead mamma, and I  
 am sorry papa brought you here."  
 "Oh, don't say that," said the young step-  
 mother, "don't call me mamma, if it gives you  
 pain, dear. I am quite willing that you should  
 love your own mamma better than me."  
 Nelly looked up with a pleasant surprise.  
 "I had a dear mamma and papa once,"  
 she continued; "and brothers and sisters, so  
 many and so merry! but they are all dead,  
 and sometimes my heart is very sad; I have  
 no one to love me now but your papa and you."

Nelly's eyes began to moisten; and taking  
 one after another of the little souvenirs and  
 toys from her pinafore, she said, "And you  
 won't take away this—and this—and this—  
 that my dead mamma gave me?"  
 "No indeed, dear Nelly!"

"And you will let me climb into my papa's  
 lap, as I used; and put my cheek to his  
 and kiss him, and love him, as much as ever I can,  
 won't you?"  
 "Yes, yes, my darling!"  
 Walter Lee could hear no more, his heart  
 was full.

What! Mary's child pleading with a  
 stranger, for room in father's heart! In the  
 sudden flash of this new fountain of tenderness,  
 had he forgotten or overlooked the claims  
 of that helpless little one? God forbid!  
 From Nelly's clear eyes let her mother's soul  
 speak to you. Aye! and did it!

When next Walter Lee met his young  
 bride it was with a chaste tenderness. Nel-  
 lie's loving little heart was pressed close-  
 ly against his own. He was again her own  
 papa. No he did not "quite forget!"

**CALLER CUSHING HANNAH F. GOULD.**—We  
 have seen in some of our exchanges a lamp-  
 on of Miss Gould upon Mr. Secretary Cush-  
 ing, when a young man, but in such a gar-  
 bled form, and with so many absurd mistakes,  
 that we scarcely recognized an old friend.

Miss Gould was a resident of Vermont, and  
 while on a visit to Massachusetts, was thrown  
 in company with young Cushing. She ex-  
 ercised her poetical powers in writing cutting  
 epigrams upon the young beaux of the neigh-  
 borhood. At a party which both attended, a  
 paper was circulated, which caused great  
 merriment, and finally came to the eyes of  
 Cushing, who read,

"Lie along all ye dead,  
 For in the next bed  
 Repose the ashes of Cushing;  
 He has crowded his way,  
 Through the world they say,  
 And even though dead, may be pushing."

Cushing took the paper, disappeared at once  
 a few minutes, and returned with another, which be-  
 ing circulated, put an end to persecutions of the  
 poetess. It contained the following:

"Here lies one whose wit  
 Without wounding could hit;  
 Green be the turf that's above her!  
 Having sent every beau  
 To the regions below,  
 She now has gone down—for a lover."

Miss Gould who was verging towards old  
 maidhood, did not relish this home thrust, and  
 left off writing epigrams in that society.

A DEER STORY.—A FACT.—Not long since  
 says the Fond du Lac Journal, that two small  
 boys aged eleven and thirteen years, sons of  
 Warren Morley, who resides about twelve  
 miles from this city, on the Lake Shore road,  
 were startled by the barking of a dog in the  
 bushes close by. On going into the bushes,  
 they were met by a two year old buck, having  
 a tussle with the dog. One of the boys caught  
 up a club and made for the deer; but no soon-  
 er had he done this than the deer made for him  
 with the hair standing straight on his back  
 and his eyes glistening like wild fire. As he  
 made for the boys, the dog caught him by the  
 hind leg and threw him down, and then the  
 boys pitched at him with their clubs and  
 pounced him pretty severely, but he soon  
 gained his footing and made a second dash at  
 the boy. As he did so, striking at them with  
 his horns the boys struck him with their clubs  
 on the head.

The deer not liking this kind of treatment,  
 and having to fight three to one, concluded to  
 take "French leave," which he did with the  
 dog and boys in pursuit. The deer made for  
 the lake, some fifty rods from the scene of ac-  
 tion, and went on the ice, closely pursued by  
 the dog. He had not run more than a hun-  
 dred rods when he fell, the dog's chance  
 to come up which he did, catching the deer by  
 the nose and holding on until the boys came  
 up, when one of them caught him by the  
 horns and jumped upon him, placing his feet  
 against one of his legs and holding on. The  
 other leg with one hand and the horns with  
 the other, to keep the deer from kicking him,  
 he struck him on the head, and so effectually  
 that he killed him on the spot. They then  
 took him by the hind legs and dragged him  
 to the house, about a half a mile distant  
 to the mortifications of a couple of hunters who  
 had been on the track all day and just came  
 up to their first tussle when they were met by  
 the boys, who were dragging the deer along.  
 He weighed something over 125 pounds.

What a good natured and easy set of peo-  
 ple our German brethren are! If trouble comes  
 among them, they put a good face on the mat-  
 ter, and it wears off. From the following  
 which we clip from a Dutch journal, it will be  
 seen that grief and interest walk arm in arm  
 in Holland; although we must say that myn-  
 heer does not seem to have an extraordinary  
 degree of care for his late race: "After a short  
 illness, my wife died yesterday morning, leav-  
 ing me with three infant children. In the  
 hope that her pure soul is with God, I beg  
 leave to inform my customers that my store  
 will continue to be as well furnished and at-  
 tended to as formerly, having confided them  
 to the direction of my principal clerk, a man  
 extremely intelligent, and as well versed in  
 business as the deceased herself."

SECOND VS. FIRST RATE.—The following is  
 a bit of Thackeray's humor, and it is very good  
 if not, first rate:  
 I have always had a taste for the second-  
 rate in life. Second rate poetry, for instance,  
 is an uncommon deal pleasanter to my fancy  
 than your great thundering first-rate epic po-  
 ems. My Milton and Dante are magnificent,  
 but a bore, whereas an ode of Horace, or a  
 song of Tommy Moore, is always fresh, spark-  
 ling, and welcome.

Second-rate claret, again, is notoriously bet-  
 ter than first rate wine; you get the former  
 genuine, whereas the latter is a loaded and  
 artificial composition that cloy the palate and  
 brothers the reason.

Second rate beauty in women is likewise  
 maintainable, more agreeable than first-rate  
 charms. Your first-rate Beauty is a grand,  
 severe, awful—a flawless, frigid, and of five  
 feet nine—superb to behold at church, or in  
 the park, or at a drawing room—but ah!  
 how inferior to a sweet little second-rate nei-  
 reousse, with which you fall in love in a  
 minute.

Second-rate novels I also assert to be su-  
 perior to the best works of fiction. They  
 give you no trouble to read, excite no pain-  
 ful emotions—you go through them with a  
 gentle, languid agreeable interest. Mr. James'  
 romances are perfect in this way. The ne-  
 plus ultra of indolence may be enjoyed dur-  
 ing their perusal.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Cin-  
 cinnati Xenia and Columbus Railroad, it was  
 determined to reduce the rates of fare to the  
 following prices:

From Cincinnati to Columbus, from \$3.50  
 to \$3.  
 From Cincinnati to Xenia, from \$1.00 to  
 \$1.60.  
 From Columbus to Xenia, from \$1.00 to  
 \$1.40.  
 Way fares at 2 1/2 cents per mile.

## For the Journal.

**MR. EDITOR:**—I must beg your indulgence  
 for a short time, as I have a few words to say  
 upon a *leader* in the Democrat under the head  
 of "Corporation Elections." Under that head  
 the editor of the Democrat "comes down," as  
 he thinks, upon men who have moral courage  
 enough to oppose "party," when they see its  
 corruption. When we take into consideration  
 that the "whiskey" issue was made a direct  
 question in that election, Temperance men,  
 (some of them Democrats,) ought to be  
 excused; and the approbrious epithets which  
 he applies to them, only shows that morality  
 and temperance are not appreciated by him as  
 they ought to be. He seems to think that be-  
 cause it was "the regular ticket," men must be  
 coerced into its principles or its manner of or-  
 ganization. Hence, his proclamation in ad-  
 vance, warning men how to vote. Any man  
 of ordinary perception would judge at once  
 that there was some game played, that would  
 not stand the test.

It is well known that long before the elec-  
 tion, the liquor issue was to be made at this  
 election. It is well known, too, that some of  
 the men that run on that ticket, cooed and  
 fawned around the liquor dealers, bidding for  
 their support by pledging a repeal of the  
 "Liquor Ordinance," if elected. Now, the  
 great desire of those men was not the welfare  
 of the Democratic party, but a desire to make  
 the party a tool to coerce and drive men into  
 the support of a measure they despised. So  
 conscious was he of the corruption, that he had  
 to buy off opposition, and get out his flimsy  
 handlebills to gull and deceive voters.

Now, sir, is it not mean to abuse men who  
 repudiate those who fast themselves upon  
 Democratic voters by chicanery and imposi-  
 tion?

The editor remarks that two years ago it  
 was resolved to run a Democratic ticket. It  
 was little thought then that men calling them-  
 selves Democrats would resort to the finesse  
 and imposition that was resorted to by a small  
 faction of "Miamies" this spring and last.

It was not to the men that run on the ticket,  
 but it was to his principles and the manner of  
 their nominations. Now, how was that ticket  
 nominated? Why, sir, some men met in his  
 office and formed that ticket, and two of the  
 four were put on as candidates. They then  
 went to the caucus, and had a committee ap-  
 pointed to select candidates for the party—

The committee reported the same men that  
 were selected in the Democrat office. When  
 the vote was to be taken on the ticket, two-  
 thirds of the votes were on the outside of the  
 house, and knew of nothing that was going on;  
 and when asked to have them called, refused.

I should like to know who ever heard of a  
 convention appointing a committee to select  
 candidates for it. I always supposed that it  
 was the convention itself that selected its can-  
 didates, till I saw this "Miami" method. The  
 same course was pursued last spring with the  
 same result. It will always be so as long as  
 the editor of the Democrat arrogates to him-  
 self the leadership of the Democracy, and runs  
 on its ticket. I can say to him that his de-  
 mocracy will never elect him to any office in  
 the corporation or county; and he never will  
 be run on its ticket, unless only when he as-  
 sumes to be the Democratic party, and nomi-  
 nates himself. If I know anything of Demo-  
 cracy, it is open, fair and honest in our con-  
 ventions and caucuses, and when any man steps  
 aside from these principles, he is the "traitor  
 and bolter." As far as I am concerned, I voted  
 the ticket, as I have always made it a car-  
 dinal point in my faith so to do. But when I  
 did vote so, I did not endorse the low, mean  
 and contemptible force that was played in  
 its nomination. As far as most of the men  
 are concerned, I have nothing to say, for in  
 justice to some I must say they did not know  
 that they were being made tools of. As far  
 as the editor of the Democrat is concerned, I  
 have always doubted the genuineness of his  
 democracy. He may be spiritual enough,  
 but it is not of the right sort. Only a few  
 days ago he came out on the Legislature be-  
 cause they did not come up to his dictum in  
 paying for printing and called them  
 harsh names, showing to all that his de-  
 mocracy is vain, and can be easily measured  
 by dollars and cents. Next fall in the can-  
 vass, his act of the Legislature will undergo  
 a severe scrutiny, and when Democrats under-  
 take to defend that body, they will have that  
 article of the Democrat's code under their nose.

It is a mean bird that betrays his own  
 nest. If it becomes necessary, I will show  
 that that paper has always been furnishing  
 food for the enemy. He will learn soon that  
 he is not the leader nor mouth-piece of the  
 Democracy of Sandusky. If he will only stick  
 to his resolve and not meddle with the corpo-  
 ration election, nor run on its ticket, it will al-  
 ways be Democratic. I do not wish to pro-  
 voke a controversy with the editor of the Dem-  
 ocrat. I merely wish to let him know that  
 the *Miamies* are known.

## A DEMOCRAT.

**PETTING 'EM THROUGH.**—The Grand Jury  
 yesterday found twenty-four bills of indict-  
 ments, eight of which were for selling spirituous  
 liquors, "contrary to the statute in such  
 cases made and provided, and against the  
 peace and dignity of the State of Ohio," es-  
 pecially the latter. It speaks well for the  
 efficiency of public servants.—Vernon Whig.

The very best definition of a Yankee  
 is that of a recent critic who calls him "a well  
 developed interrogation point!" The follow-  
 ing from John G. Saxe is pretty good as a  
 characteristic:

"He would kiss a queen till he raised a blister  
 Vass, his arm around her neck and his old felt on;  
 Would address the king with the title of Mister,  
 And ask him the price of the throne that he sat on."

Horace Greeley has been invited to deliv-  
 er the address at the Indiana State Fair, the  
 coming fall.

It is said that Barnum has engaged the  
 Siamese twins for another tour through the  
 United States and Europe, at a salary of only  
 \$1,000 a year.

LATE advices from Mexico say that Santa  
 Anna had accepted the Presidency, and  
 would arrive at Vera Cruz on the 1st of April  
 to-day. He could not arrive on a better day.

## Educational Department.

From the Ohio Journal of Education.  
**To the Friends of Common Schools in Ohio.**

Citizens of Ohio, who have confidence and  
 hope in the capacity of the common school sys-  
 tem to make our country more prosperous and  
 our people more happy, will rejoice that a  
 school law, so wise and liberal, has found fa-  
 vor, at last, with the legislators of the State.  
 But let it be remembered, friends, that what  
 has been gained is the result of much hard la-  
 bor and personal sacrifice, not only on the  
 part of school friends during the recent ses-  
 sion of the Legislature, but also of disinter-  
 ested private citizens, for many years past; and  
 that the advantages now proffered to the peo-  
 ple, can only fully be realized by the contin-  
 ued exertions of the friends of liberal meas-  
 ures.

Allow us, therefore, to invite your early at-  
 tention to the proper administration of the  
 new school law, as a matter of the very first  
 importance to its success and permanence.

Within a few days it will be necessary to  
 choose the local directors and boards of edu-  
 cation for all the country districts of the State;  
 and it should be well understood, that the first  
 election under the law will, to a great extent,  
 determine its success and favor with the peo-  
 ple. If the best men—men who are the true  
 friends of the law and of progress—shall be  
 chosen at the outset, to constitute the local  
 boards and the township boards of education,  
 it is scarcely to be doubted, that with the aid  
 of the increased State school fund, and an ex-  
 cellent school organization can be adopted in ev-  
 ery township in Ohio, within a very brief pe-  
 riod. On the other hand, the election of men  
 indifferent to the success, or opposed to the  
 liberality of the law, would, of course, thwart  
 all of its aims at improvement.

By the abolition of a fee for a teacher's cer-  
 tificate, and the inconvenience, if not imprac-  
 ticability and illegality of private examinations,  
 it is hoped that teachers of better qualifica-  
 tions can find employment.

Within a few months it will devolve upon  
 the people of the State to elect an officer es-  
 pecially entrusted with the duty of guarding  
 and promoting the great interests of popular  
 education in our State. It is scarcely to be  
 questioned, that the best talents and the best  
 virtues which the country can furnish, will find  
 ample scope for active exercise in the duties  
 assigned to the State Commissioner of Com-  
 mon Schools. It becomes, therefore, a matter  
 of the greatest importance, that the selection  
 of this officer should be made with reference  
 singly to his ability to meet the responsibilities  
 of this station. No greater calamity could  
 occur to our common school interests, than to  
 suffer partisan animosities and prejudices to  
 govern the people in the selection of the man  
 to preside over these sacred interests. It is  
 greatly to be regretted that the provision in  
 the original bill should have been so changed  
 as to afford even a poor excuse for selecting  
 this officer from party ranks.

In view, therefore, of the interests involved,  
 and of the manifest impropriety of making any  
 man's political opinions a basis for preference  
 and nomination, we whose names are appended  
 below, practical teachers, and members of  
 the different political parties of the State,  
 would most respectfully and most cordially  
 present, for the suffrages of all political par-  
 ties, the name of our highly esteemed fellow-  
 laborer and fellow-citizen, Lorin Andrews, as  
 every worthy of the confidence of every  
 citizen of Ohio, for our first State Com-  
 missioner of Common Schools.

Mr. Andrews is a scholar. He pursued his  
 collegiate course at Kenyon College, where he  
 afterwards received the degree of A. M.

Mr. Andrews has been many years a prac-  
 tical and successful teacher, a consideration of  
 no trifling importance to one who shall direct  
 the educational interests of the State.

Mr. Andrews has pursued the course of  
 study required in the legal profession, and has  
 for some years held a license to practice law